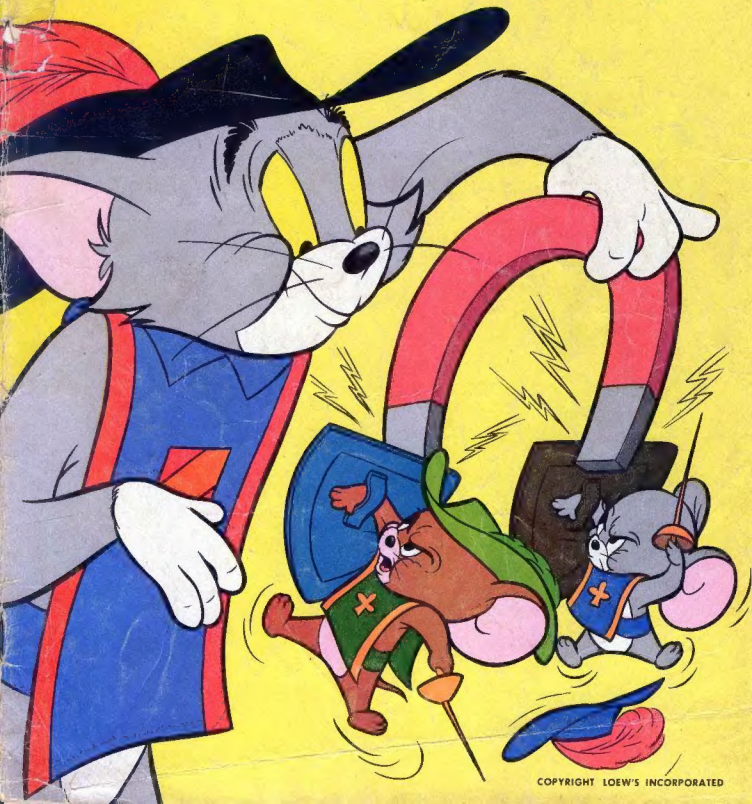


DELL

APRIL-JUNE

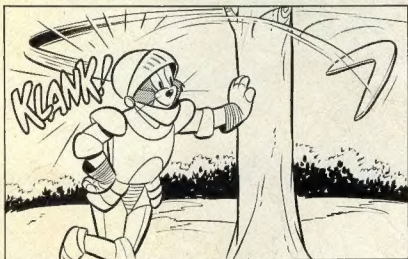
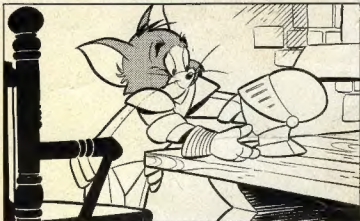
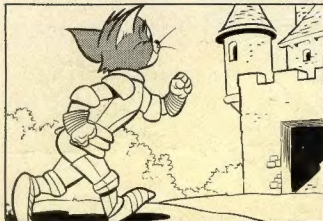
10¢

M.G.M.'S **MOUSE MUSKETEERS**



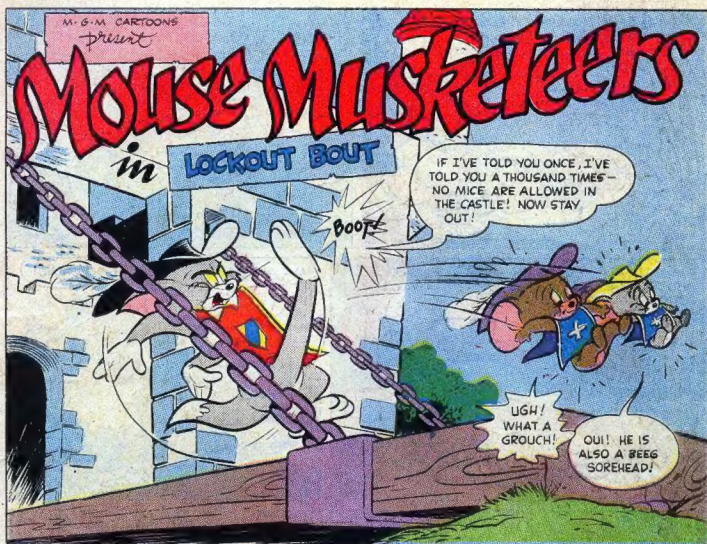
COPYRIGHT LOEW'S INCORPORATED

POOSYCAT



Mouse Musketeers

in LOCKOUT BOUT



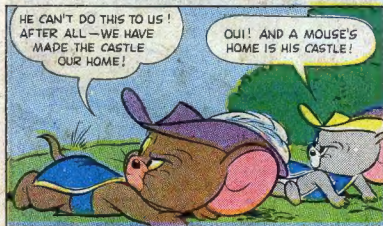
IF I'VE TOLD YOU ONCE, I'VE TOLD YOU A THOUSAND TIMES—NO MICE ARE ALLOWED IN THE CASTLE! NOW STAY OUT!

UGH! WHAT A GROUCH!

OUI! HE IS ALSO A BEEG SOREHEAD!

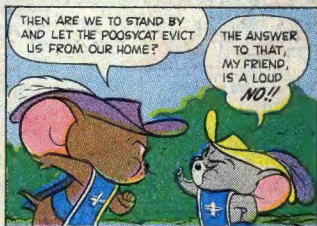
HE CAN'T DO THIS TO US! AFTER ALL—WE HAVE MADE THE CASTLE OUR HOME!

OUI! AND A MOUSE'S HOME IS HIS CASTLE!



THEN ARE WE TO STAND BY AND LET THE POOSYCAT EVICT US FROM OUR HOME?

THE ANSWER TO THAT, MY FRIEND, IS A LOUD **NO!!**

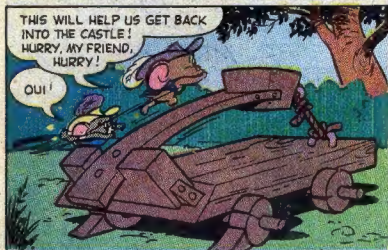
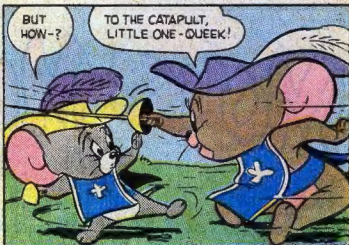


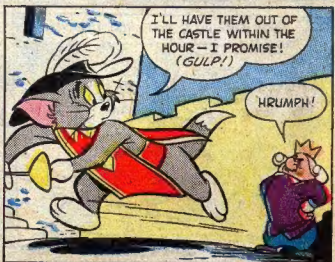
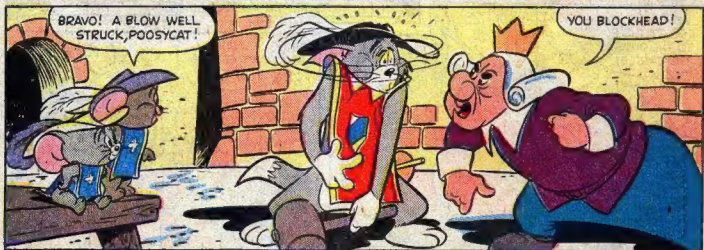
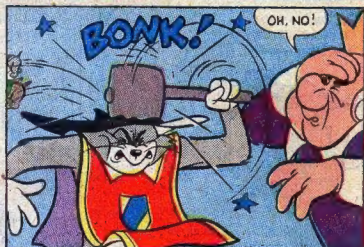
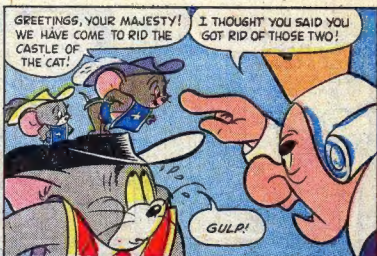
OH, I'M FOR YOU AND YOU'RE FOR ME, BUT THE POOSYCAT'S OUR FOE—THE CASTLE IS OUR HOME, YOU SEE, SO THE POOSYCAT MUST GO!

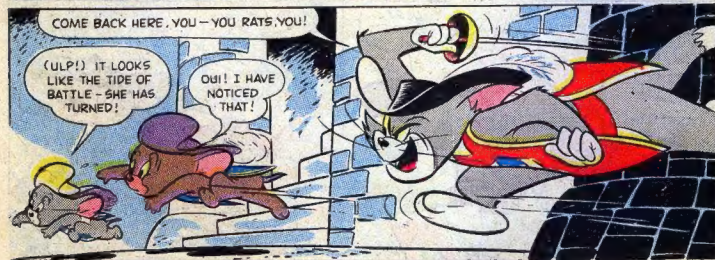
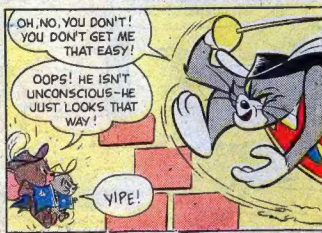
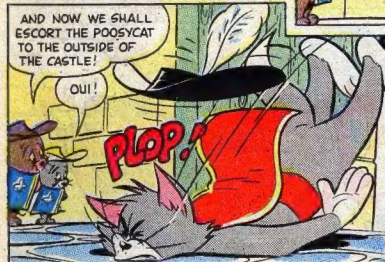
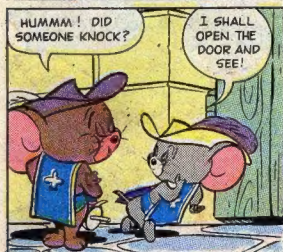
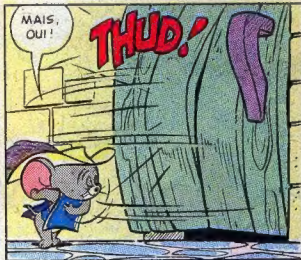


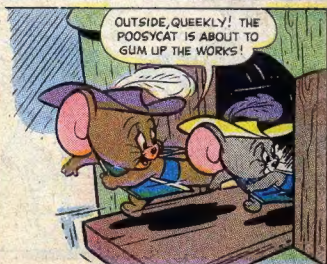
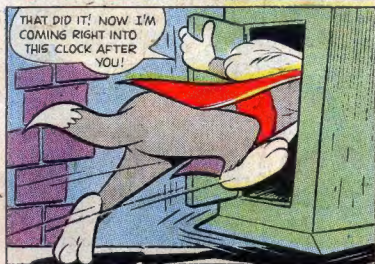
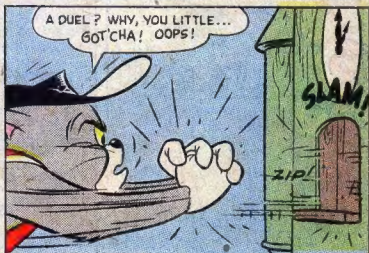
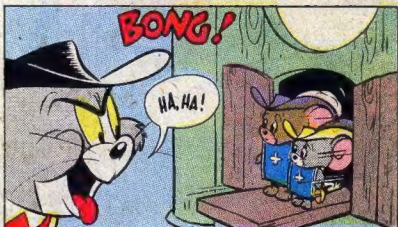
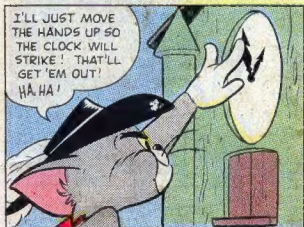
OUI—HE MUST GO-O-O-O-O-O!

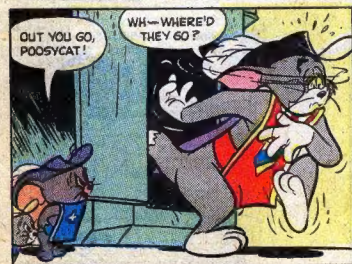
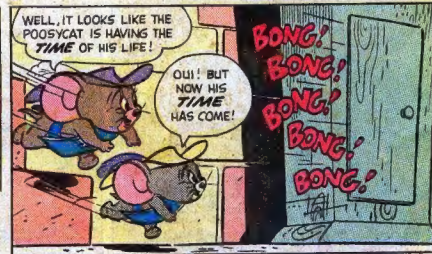
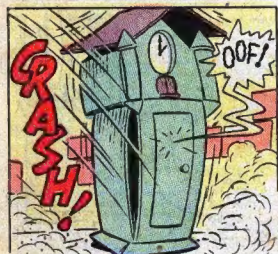
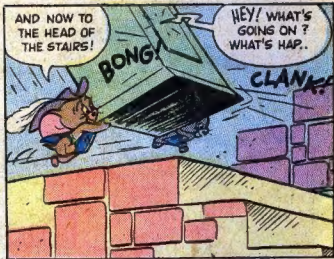


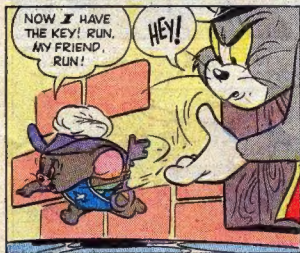
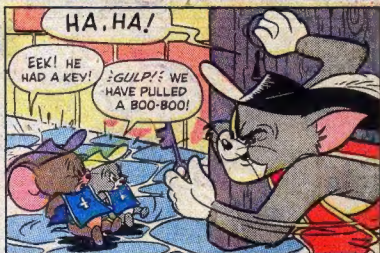


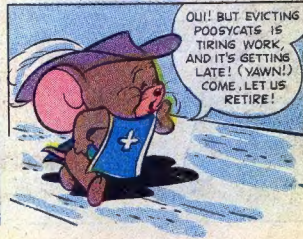
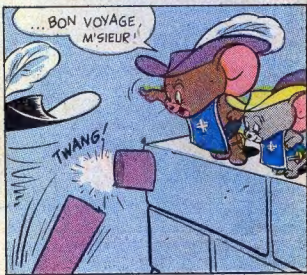












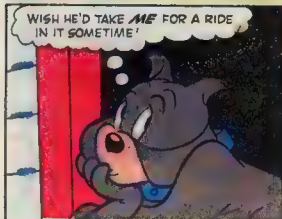
U. S. M. CARTOONS
present

Big SPIKE and Little TYKE

HYPNOTIC EYE



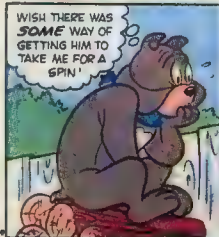
I WONDER IF THE MASTER IS GETTING HIS NEW CAR READY FOR A TRIP...



WISH HE'D TAKE **ME** FOR A RIDE IN IT SOMETIME!



I STAND AROUND WHINING AND LOOKING PATHETIC, BUT HE DOESN'T EVEN LET ME IN IT!



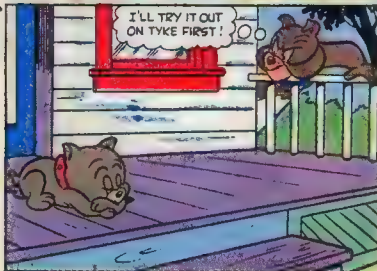
WISH THERE WAS **SOME** WAY OF GETTING HIM TO TAKE ME FOR A SPIN!



HMM... SEEMS I'VE HEARD THAT IF YOU STARE INTO SOMEONE'S EYES AND THINK REAL HARD, HE'LL DO WHATEVER YOU WANT..



I WONDER IF THAT WOULD WORK ON THE MASTER?

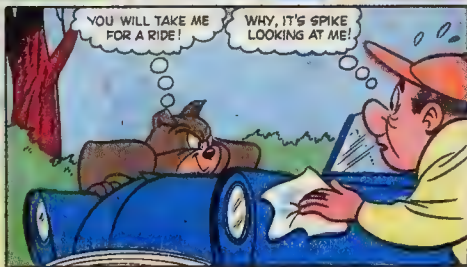
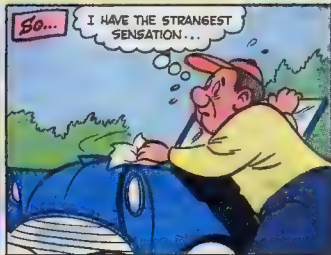
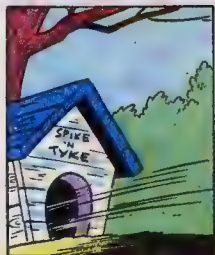
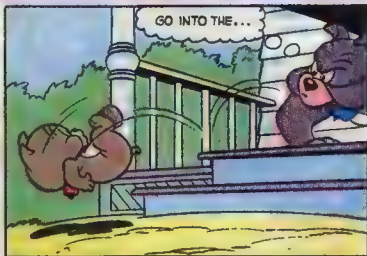
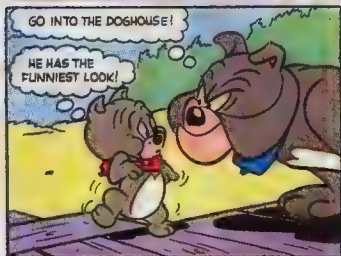
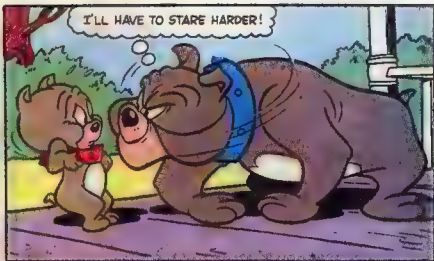
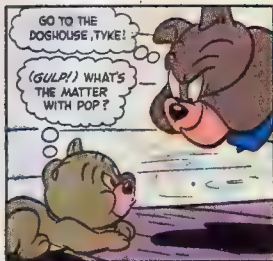


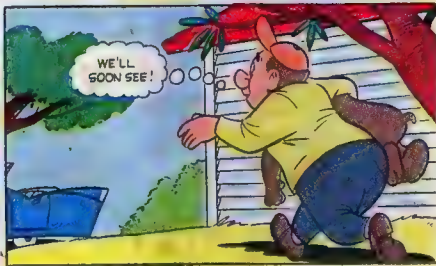
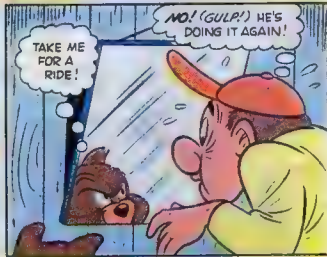
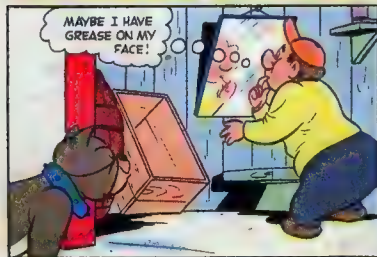
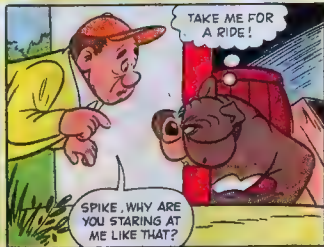
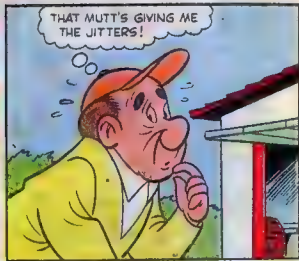
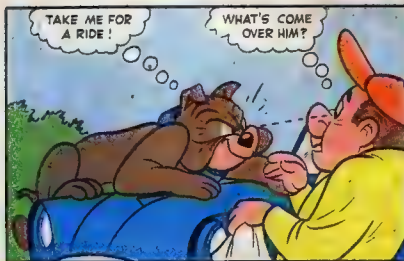
I'LL TRY IT OUT ON TYKE FIRST!

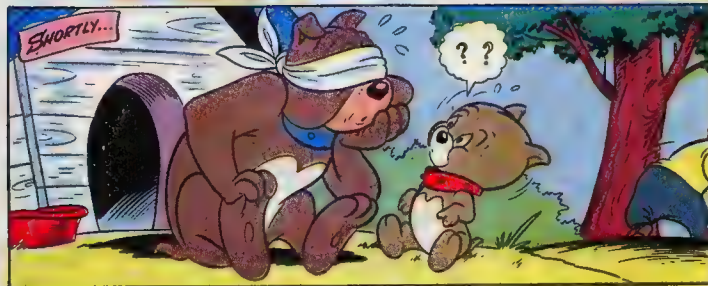
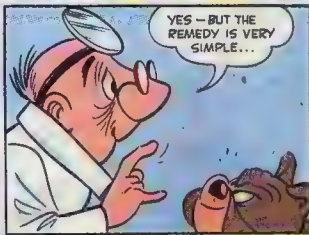
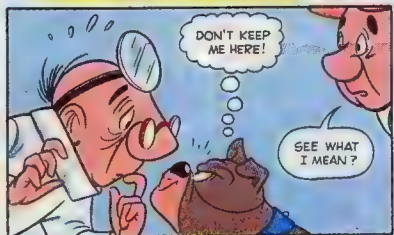
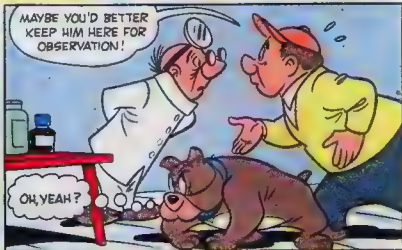
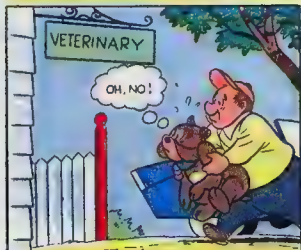
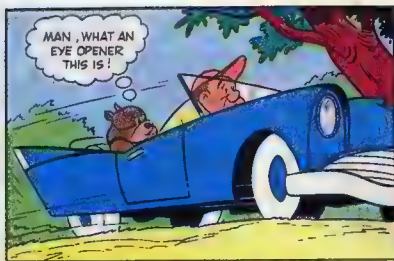


TYKE, YOU WILL GET UP AND GO INTO THE DOGHOUSE!

?





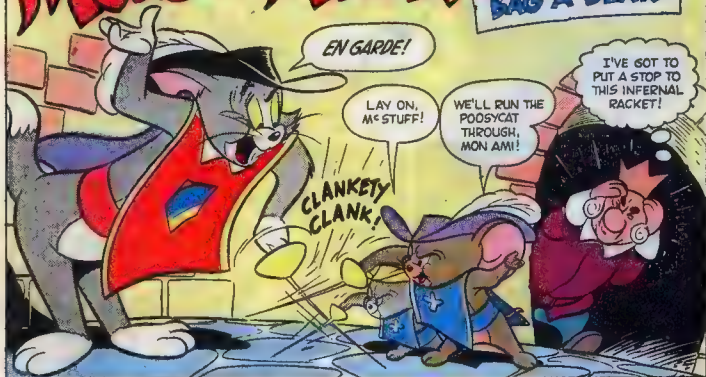


M-G-M CARTOONS

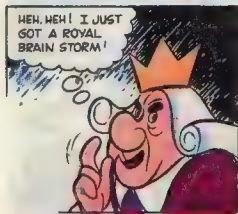
present

MOUSE MUSKETEERS

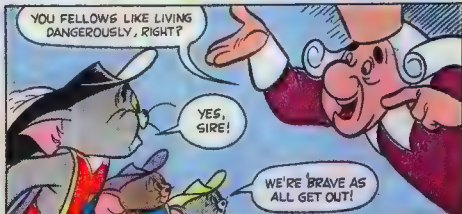
BAG A BEAR



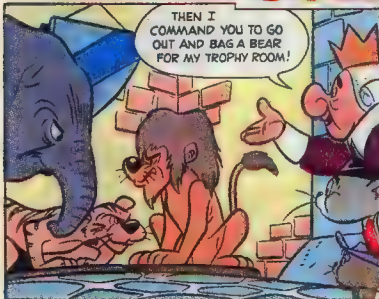
HEH, HEH! I JUST
GOT A ROYAL
BRAIN STORM!



YOU FELLOWS LIKE LIVING
DANGEROUSLY, RIGHT?

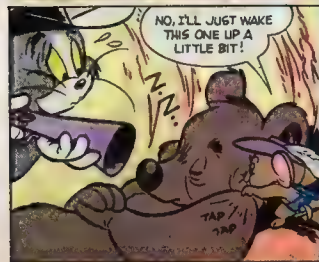
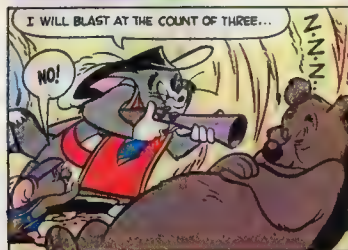


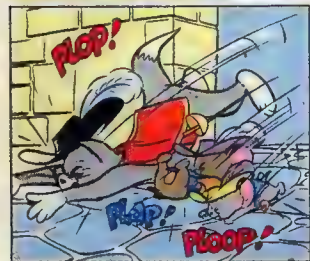
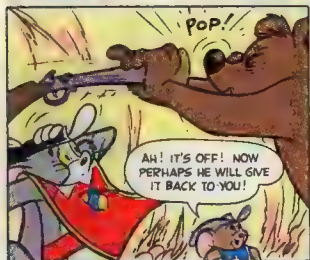
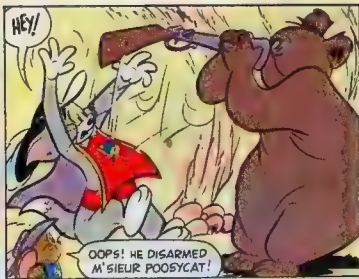
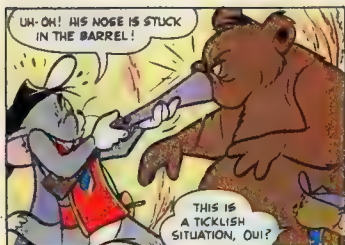
THEN I
COMMAND YOU TO GO
OUT AND BAG A BEAR
FOR MY TROPHY ROOM!

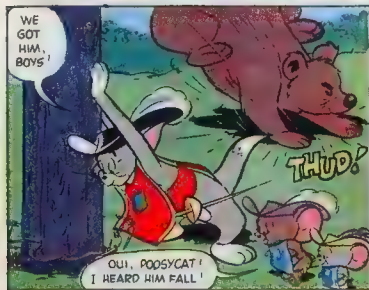
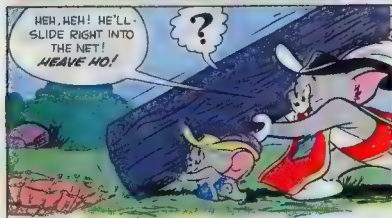
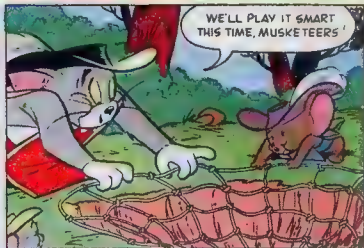
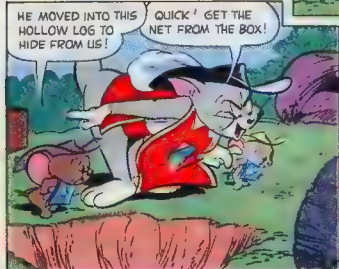
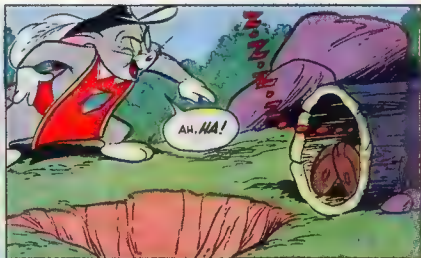


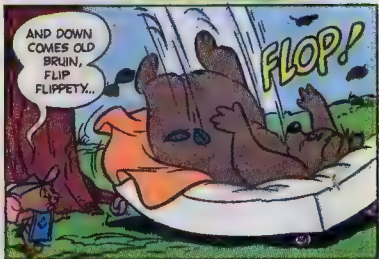
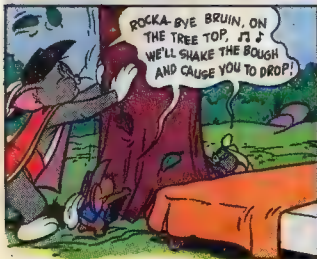
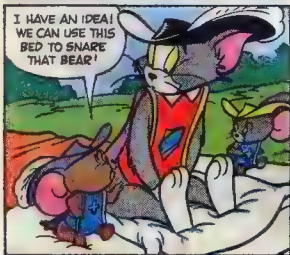
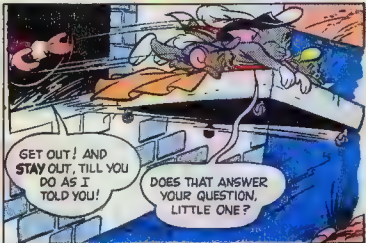
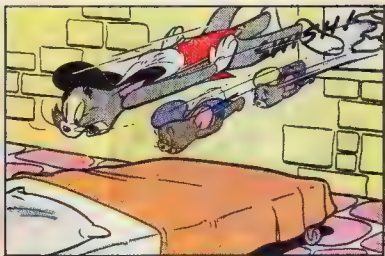
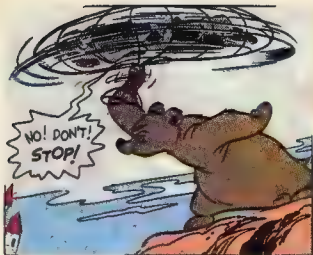
I WILL GIVE **FIVE HUNDRED
PAZOOSAS** TO THE ONE WHO
BAGS THE BEAR! GO TO IT!

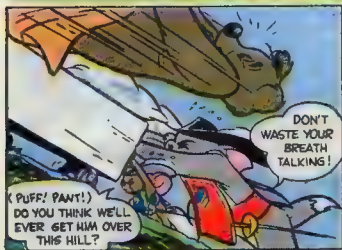
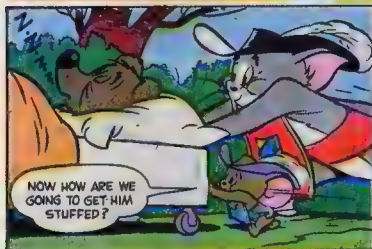
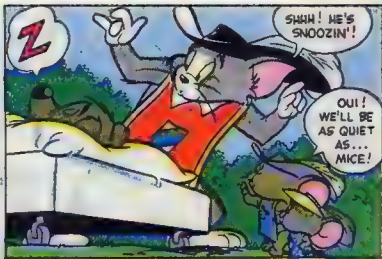


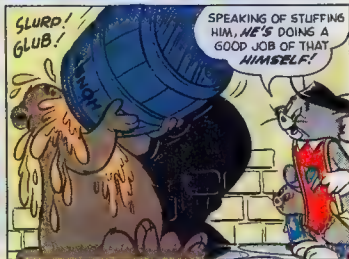
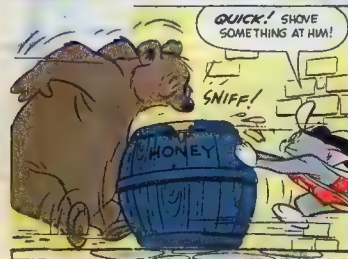
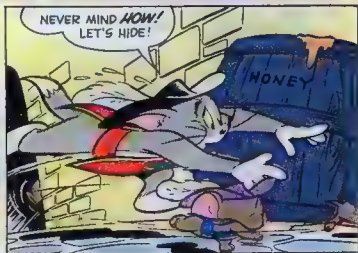
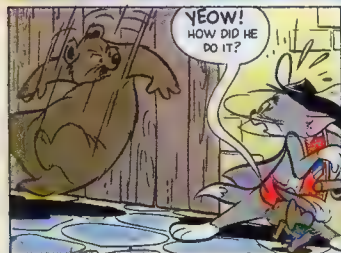
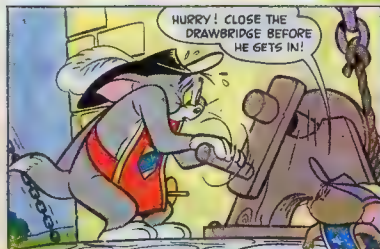
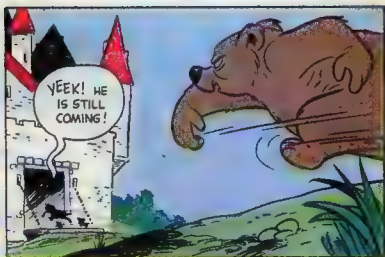
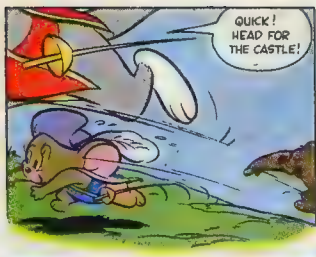


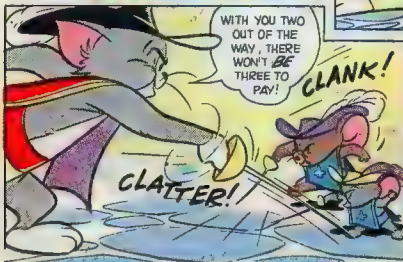
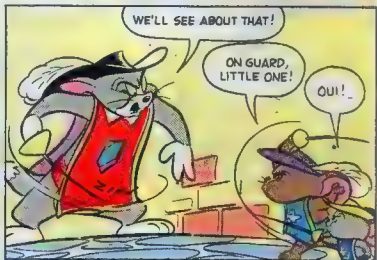
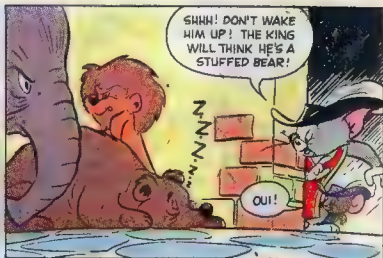
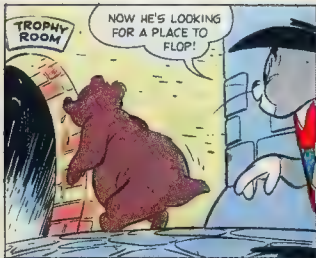


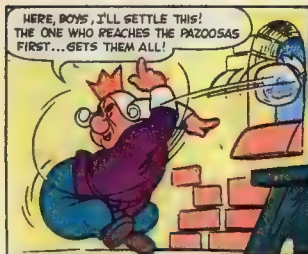








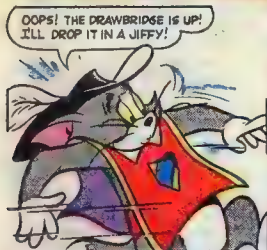




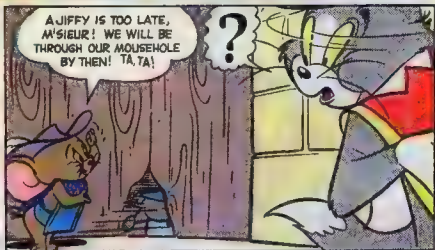
HERE, BOYS, I'LL SETTLE THIS!
THE ONE WHO REACHES THE PAZOOSAS
FIRST...GETS THEM ALL!



HA! THE BAG WENT
OVER THE MOAT! I'LL
GET IT FIRST—I CAN
OUTRUN YOU GUYS!



OOPS! THE DRAWBRIDGE IS UP!
I'LL DROP IT IN A JIFFY!



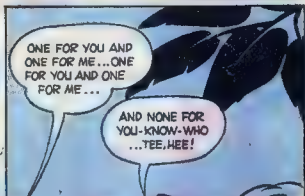
A JIFFY IS TOO LATE,
M'SIEUR! WE WILL BE
THROUGH OUR MOUSEHOLE
BY THEN! TA, TA!

?



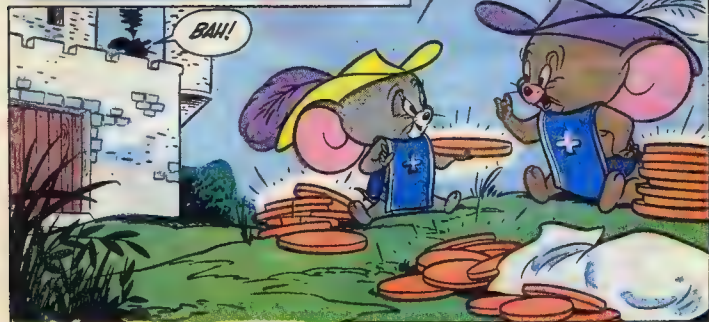
SOMETIMES IT PAYS
TO BE SMALL,
MY FRIEND!

AND THIS IS
ONE OF THOSE
TIMES!



ONE FOR YOU AND
ONE FOR ME...ONE
FOR YOU AND ONE
FOR ME...

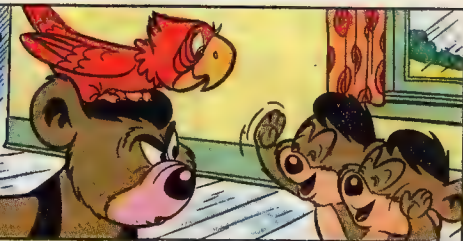
AND NONE FOR
YOU-KNOW-WHO
...TEE, HEE!



BAH!

present

DOUBLE TALK



"What have you got there, Wuzzy?" Fuzzy Bear shouted to his brother outside their home one day. "It looks like a parrot!" Approaching the bird cautiously, he asked, "It's not an April Fool's trick, is it?"

Wuzzy grinned with delight. "It's a parrot, all right... seems to be lost. As for April Fool's Day..." He rolled his eyes merrily. "We could play a wonderful trick on Uncle Barney!"

Fuzzy was all ears. "How?" he asked.

"Well," Wuzzy said, impishly, "let's hide the parrot in his room and then we'll pretend we don't hear anything at all when the bird speaks!"

Fuzzy's eyes widened slowly. "That's wonderful!" he breathed. "We'll have Uncle Barney talking to himself before we're through. That is," he added, "if this bird really can talk!"

The parrot cocked his head to one side and stared at the two little bears. "Can talk," he repeated. "Can talk."

Fuzzy and Wuzzy hugged each other in their excitement. "It's a cinch!" Fuzzy cried, dancing up and down happily.

But, just as they were carrying the bird up the front steps and into the house, Wuzzy let out a sudden cry. "Look, Fuzzy! There's Uncle Barney coming down the walk now!"

"We'll have to hurry," Fuzzy gasped. And the two little brothers raced up the steps to Barney Bear's room. Opening the wardrobe door, Fuzzy quickly put the bird inside, as it let out a screech.

"Leave the door open a crack," Wuzzy whispered. "He needs some air!"

"Air!" came a muffled squawk from inside. "Some air!"

Just then, Barney Bear shuffled into the room.

"What are you two up to?" he demanded. "What are you doing up here?"

"Oh, just waiting for you," Fuzzy replied innocently.

Barney eyed them both skeptically. "Hmm," he mused, "I'll bet you're cooking up some April Fool's trick." He threw back his head and chortled. "But you'll have to go some to fool Barney!"

"Fool Barney," a voice repeated softly.

Barney Bear wheeled in his tracks. "Who said that?" he demanded.

"Said what?" Fuzzy asked blandly.

"Did you hear something?" Wuzzy inquired innocently.

Barney Bear slapped hard at his ear. "I thought I did," he said sheepishly. "I guess it was just imagination."

"Just imagination. Just imagination. Just imagination," the parrot sang out.

"Yipe!" shrieked Barney, whirling around. "What is this? I'm completely surrounded by voices!"

At that moment, the parrot squeezed through the crack of the wardrobe door, sailed through the air, and landed with a plop on Barney's head. Barney turned quickly and looked at himself in the dresser mirror. "Help!" he shouted in panic. "Now I imagine I see a bird!"

The parrot clung to his perch on Barney's head. "See a bird?" he echoed, combing Barney's hair gently with his claw. "A bird. A bird. A bird."

"We'll explain, Uncle Barney," Fuzzy laughed. "It's just a trick for..."

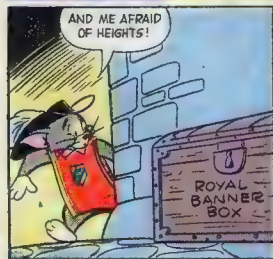
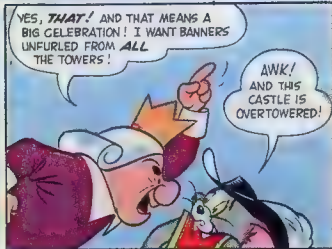
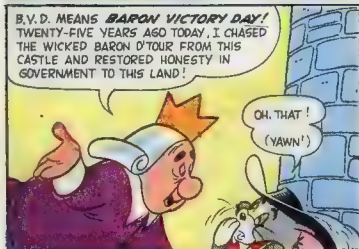
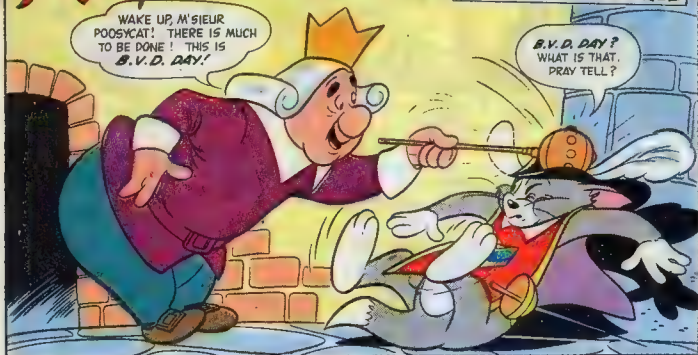
But the parrot beat him to the punch. "April Fool!" he squawked. "April Fool!"

M-G-M CARTOONS

present

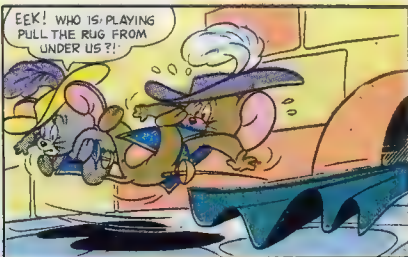
Mouse Musketeers

KNIGHT MUST FALL

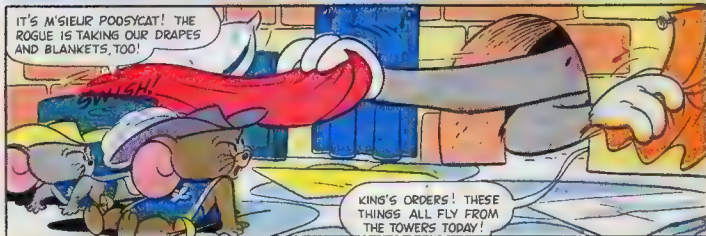




JUST AS I THOUGHT!
THERE'S THE
END OF A
PENNANT!

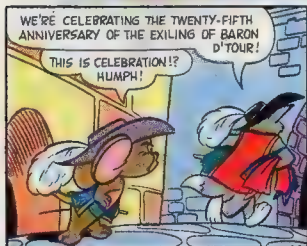


EEEK! WHO IS PLAYING
PULL THE RUG FROM
UNDER US?!



IT'S M'SIEUR POOSYCAT! THE
ROGUE IS TAKING OUR DRAPES
AND BLANKETS, TOO!

KING'S ORDERS! THESE
THINGS ALL FLY FROM
THE TOWERS TODAY!



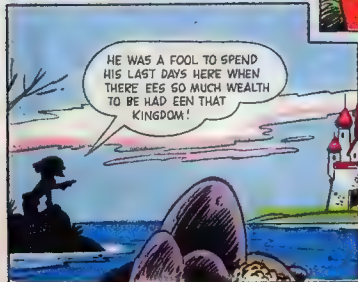
WE'RE CELEBRATING THE TWENTY-FIFTH
ANNIVERSARY OF THE EXILING OF BARON
D'TOUR!

THIS IS CELEBRATION!?
HUMPH!

*MEANWHILE, ON THE
NEARBY ISLE OF PYLE...*



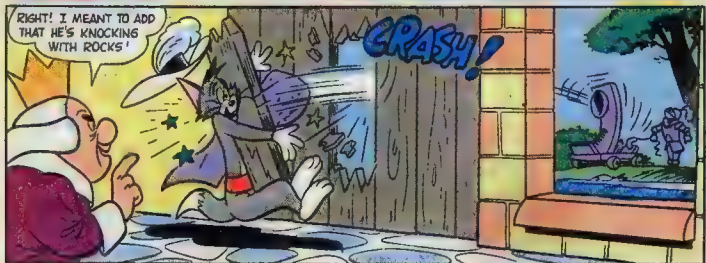
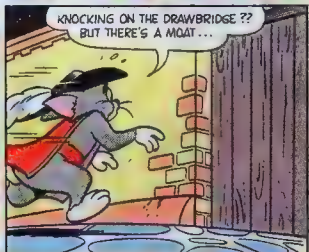
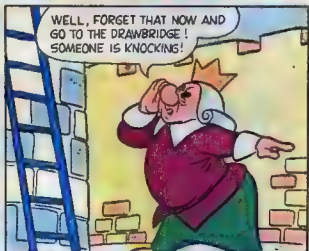
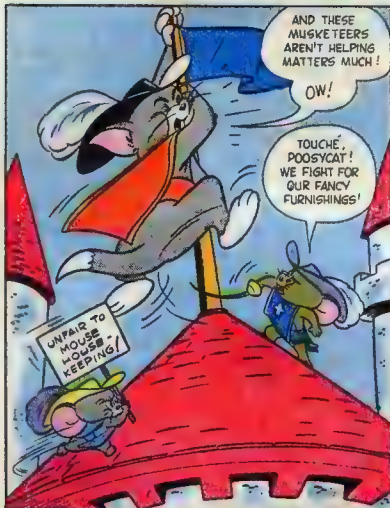
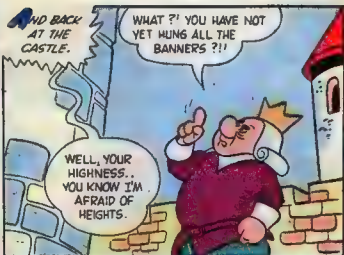
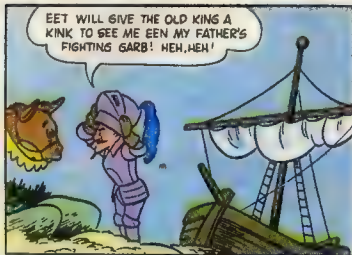
BAH! EET WAS TWENTY-FIVE
YEARS AGO THAT MY FATHER,
BARON D'TOUR WAS EXILED
TO THEES ISLE!

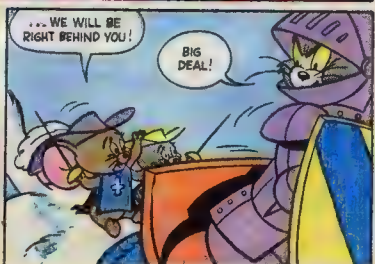
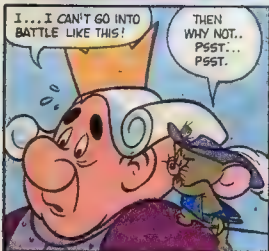
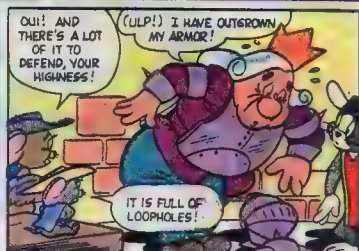
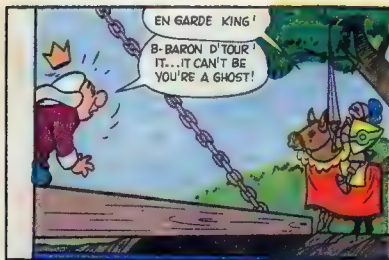


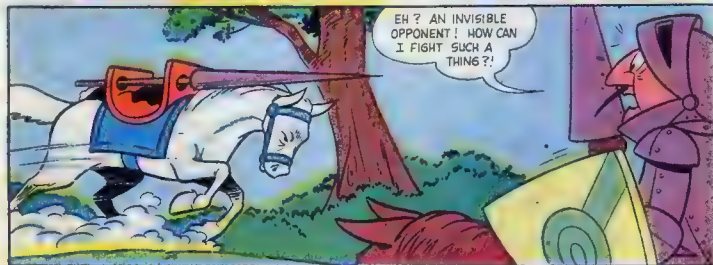
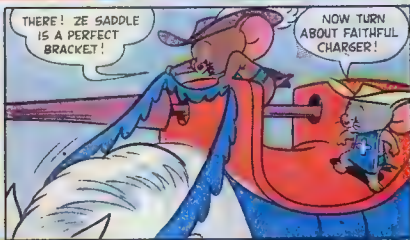
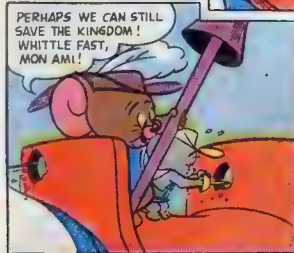
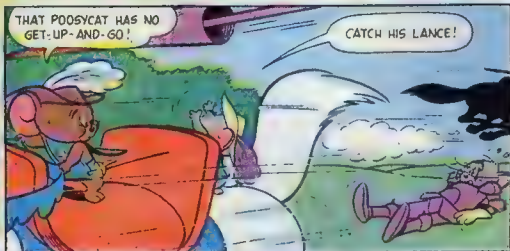
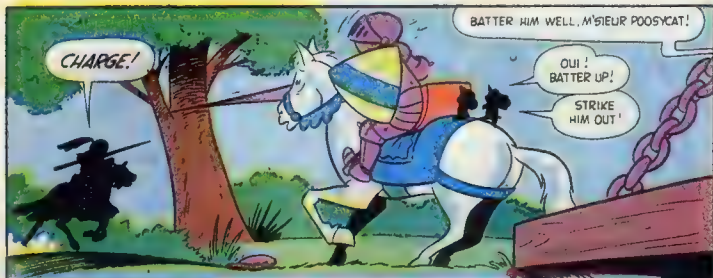
HE WAS A FOOL TO SPEND
HIS LAST DAYS HERE WHEN
THERE EES SO MUCH WEALTH
TO BE HAD EEN THAT
KINGDOM!

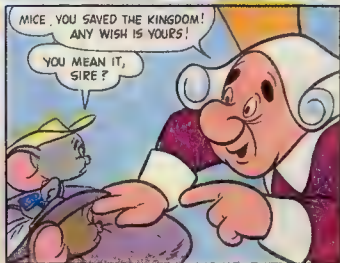
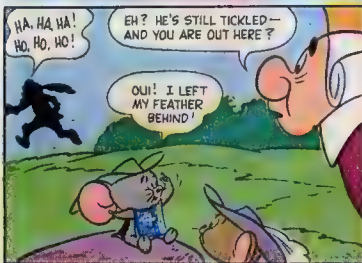
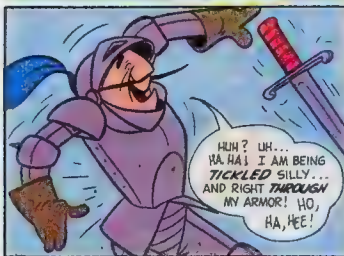
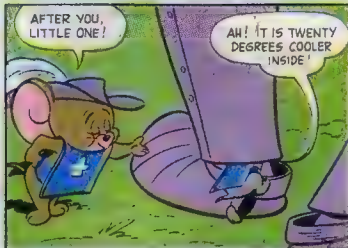
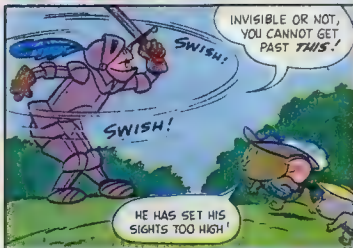
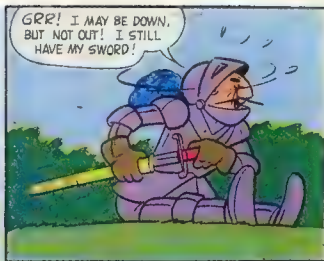
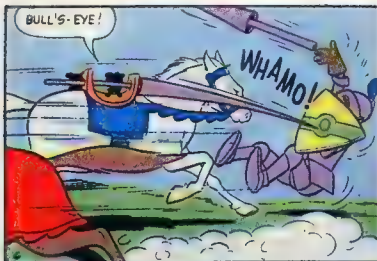


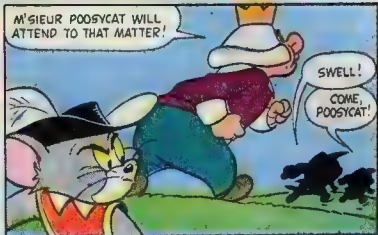
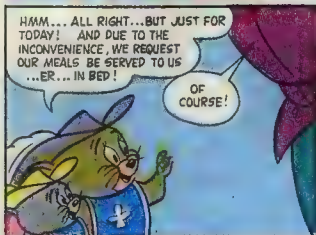
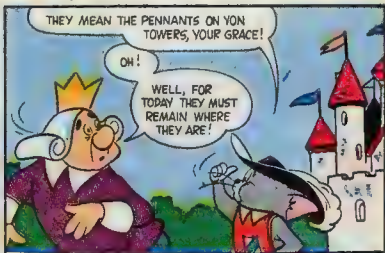
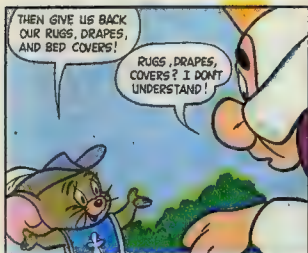
THAT KING IS GETTING
OLD... HMM! PERHAPS
EET IS TIME I TAKE
ACTION AND TAKE
ZEE CASTLE!...
A FITTING WAY
TO CELEBRATE
THEES DAY!











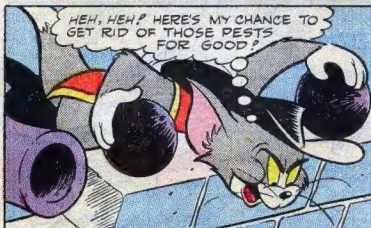
MOUSE MUSKETEERS

WHAT FUN,
EH, LITTLE ONE?

OUI!
THIS MOAT
IS THE
MOST?



HEH, HEH? HERE'S MY CHANCE TO
GET RID OF THOSE PESTS
FOR GOOD?



ADIEU, LITTLE
MICE, ADIEU!

ECK!
YECK!



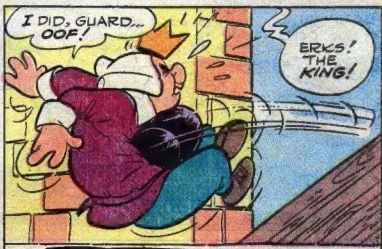
DRAIT IT? WHO
LOWERED THE
DRAWBRIDGE?

THUD!
THUD!



I DID, GUARD...
OOF!

ERKS!
THE
KING!



GUARD? BRING ME
A CLUB?

(GULP)
YES, SIRE?
AT ONCE,
SIRE?



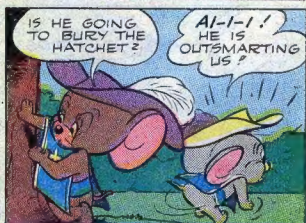
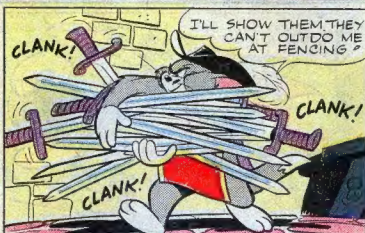
ADIEU,
POOSYCAT...
ADIEU?



MOUSE MUSKETEERS

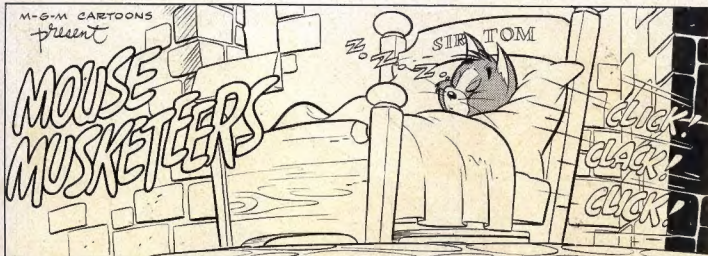
TOUCHÉ, M'SIEUR POOSYCAT!

OW!



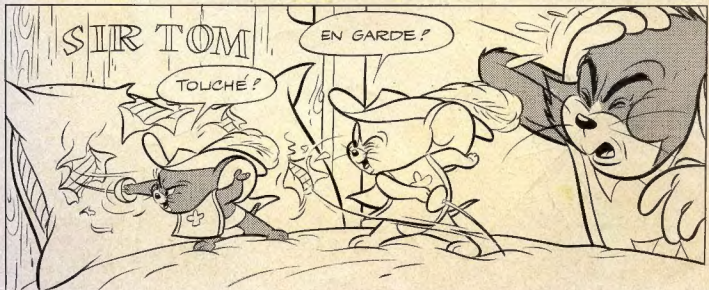
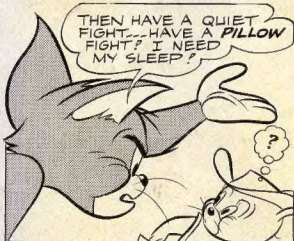
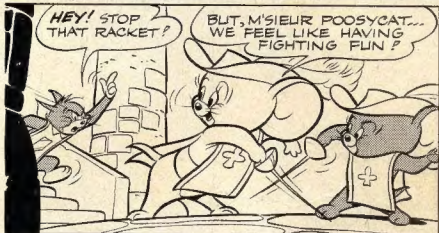
present

MOUSE MUSKETEERS



A PLEDGE **DELL** COMIC TO PARENTS

The Dell Trademark is, and always has been, a positive guarantee that the comic magazine bearing it contains only clean and wholesome entertainment. The Dell code eliminates entirely, rather than regulates, objectionable material. That's why when your child buys a Dell Comic you can be sure it contains only good fun. "DELL COMICS ARE GOOD COMICS" is our only credo and constant goal.



JERRY'S MAGIC SWORD

THE MOUSE MUSKETEER'S MAGIC SWORD WORRIES MONSIEUR POOSY-CAT! You will see why, if you cut out the two parts of the picture, then cut along the dotted lines in the big picture. Now, hold the smaller section behind the larger one and slip the two tabs through the slits you have cut for them, the shorter tab at the bottom. To watch the fun, start with the upper tab pushed all the way to the right. Monsieur Poosycat is not bothered a bit by the *little* sword. But push the tab quickly to the left and... presto... the Mouse Musketeer has a *long* sword and Monsieur Poosycat looks very worried, indeed.

BACK VIEW ASSEMBLY

